

same low-ceilinged, concrete room escorted by the same official and interpreter. In the summer, the prison seemed more cheerful. The windows in the room were open. In the yard, I could see plants growing and a few flowers—a touch of beauty in a rather sorry place.

Jack came in the same door. He was wearing a white shirt over a T-shirt, blue trousers and sneakers Bill had brought to him. His glasses had new rims. He was not tanned, but he looked as though he had spent some time outdoors. He was immaculately groomed.

I jumped up and kissed and hugged him. My eyes filled with tears; they were tears of joy. "Mom," Jack said, "it's so good to see you."

He wanted to know about my trip, when I was tired, how were Bill and Joan. And he said repeatedly, "Oh, Mom, it's good to see you." I found the fact that I had come to see him more emotional this time. It had to have Bill to buoy me up, but as we talked, I lost myself in our conversation. Jack did not seem disheartened. He was the same Jack I always knew.

The sun was shining and a gentle wind was blowing in, and the world somehow seemed brighter.

His youth slips away

So much had happened during the passing years. We had so much to talk about. Joan has two children now. Members of the family had passed away. A girl Jack was fond of married someone else. And we had all grown older. I became very aware that Jack's young manhood is slipping away from him in these prison years. He is 30 now.

I was afraid to ask Jack too much about his life in prison, but from things he said, I gathered that he spends much of his time reading. He

has two cellmates, one a Chinese and one a Russian. Jack asked me to bring him a Russian grammar. He knows a surprisingly lot about what is going on in the world and asked me so much about the Presidential election, the Olympics and the New York Yankees.

First thing each morning, Jack forces himself to exercise for an hour, running and calisthenics, and he seemed to be in good shape. He has no regular job, which worries me. I looked at his hands very carefully; they were not hands that had done any work. I would think a job would be good for him; anything physical, so he could sleep at night. Eight years of empty days must make boredom a big problem.

Surprisingly, Jack and Dick Fecteau have been allowed out of prison several times. Once Jack was taken to a hospital to have a tooth filled. Once both boys were taken on a week-long trip, once to a parade and another time to a restaurant. "Oh, Mother," Jack told me, "it was wonderful to get out and eat."

I tried to see Dick Fecteau, as his mother had asked me. I never was allowed to, but I was permitted to buy things and leave them for him, and Jack told me, "He looks wonderful. He's all muscle. He can do so-and-so-many push-ups."

I had five visits with Jack, always from three to five in the afternoon. Finally, it came time to say good-bye again. I could only say, "This is the end, Jack." I kissed him and told him to be good. What else could I say?

As I approached the door, I had to look back and then go and kiss him. I couldn't bring myself to leave. Finally, I pulled myself together and forced myself to go out the door and close it.

Then I cried.

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